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"Why did you run away from that man?"
"I wanted to be chased."

—*Brown Jug.*

=====

"Oh, Mr. Lamebrane, you have egg spilled all over
the front of your coat."

"That's all right, I look well in anything I eat."

—*West Point Pointer.*

=====

Flapper: I'd like to see the captain of the ship.

Rookie: He's forward, miss.

Flapper: I don't care; this is a pleasure trip.

—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket.*

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Indignant Farmer: Say, look here, yer ain't get-
ting as much milk from the cows as y'uster.

Hired Man: Nope, sorter lost my pull.

—*Denison Flamingo.*

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"Oh, yes, I remember you. You are in my class aren't you?"

Stude: "Now, see here, professor, can't we still be friends?"—
Pelican.

ANOTHER

Again we have one about a Scotchman who was invited to a party and told that each guest was to bring something. He brought his relatives.—*Brown Jug.*



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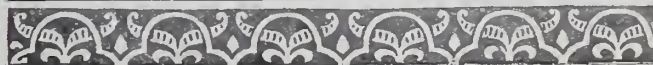
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"Why, Dad, this is roast beef!" exclaimed Willie at dinner one evening, when a guest of honor was present.

"Of course," said his father. "What of that?"

"You told Mother this morning that you were bringing an old mutton head home for dinner this evening."—*State Lion*.

"You told me this watch would keep time and it stopped yesterday at eight o'clock."

"And what time does it say now?"

"Why, eight o'clock, of course. It hasn't moved since!"

"Then it's keeping the time, isn't it?"

Temple Owl.

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He was quite late arriving at a *soiree* given by a prominent belle, and he immediately sought her presence to apologize, and said: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late."

"My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

"Hear about the Scotchman who was arrested for going down the street naked?"

"No."

"He was on his way to a strip poker game."—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

He: Kiss me!

She: Make me!

—*West Point Pointer.*

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"Say, eight ball, did yo' all heered dat Rabadum-
inus Washington wuz 'sent up'?"

"Why, man, dat's nuthin'; so wuz mah brudder."

"How come, Ethiopian? How come?"

"Well, he done crawled in a dawg log after a
striped kitty, an', man, he wux shoah scent up."

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

THIS SOUNDS FAINTLY FAMILIAR

Wenn—ther rarr garry skiezz,
I don mine tha garray skiezz,
Coz you—you make them bull-ooa,
Sonny Boy.

My frenns may fa sake me
Lett themm awl fa sake me
You—why, you'll pull me throooo,
Sonny Boy.

You're sennt frum heavvn
I—I know yerr werth,
You've made a heavvn—a heavvn—
For meee—ri tere on earirth.
So iff tha an-gells garrow lo-nelly
Tay kew coz there lon-nelly
Why—Why—Ah'll fo-low UUU, Sonney BOY!

—*Brown Jug.*

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"They take it and store it away for nothing?"

"Sure, I just stop paying the installments."

—*Temple Owl.*

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Father: What'dya think my daughter is—a tight-rope walker?

—*Temple Owl.*

—

"The poor fish looks kinda musical."

"Yep. Perhaps a piano tuna."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*

—

And did you know that two Scotch boys turned in their basket ball suits because they couldn't shoot all the free throws?—*Iowa Frivol.*

"What's this, a game?" shouted the irate little chap as he received his ninth checker set on his birthday.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

—

Alice is so dumb she thinks an artery is a place where people go to look at pictures.—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

—

"Oh, I just hit my crazy bone."
"You poor boy. You must hurt all over."—*Cornell Widow.*

—

"Say, who do you think you're pushing?"

"How many guesses do I get?"

—*Penn. State Froth.*

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Customs Inspector—"Got anything very valuable in this trunk? . . . "

The Traveler—"I should say so . . . a whole carton of Chesterfields!"



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and yet **THEY SATISFY**

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She was only the skipper's
 daughter, but, boy, how she knew
 the holds!—*Kansas Sour Owl.*

"The jig is up," said the doctor,
 as the patient with St. Vitus dance
 died.—*Annapolis Log.*

I'd surely like
 To smack the clown
 Who insists on shouting,
 "I faw down."—*Siwasher.*

"I have an athletic heart."
 "That's nothing; I have athletic
 underwear."—*Pennsylvania Punch*
Bowl.

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PUBLISHERS**

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LIBERTY AT TWELFTH STREET
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To the
Pennsylvania Dutch
our friends and neighbors
this issue is respectfully
dedicated.



THE LEHIGH BURR



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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

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MARKS

DOUGLAS

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HELLO FOLKS—

One thing Wee Burro has been trying to figure out is how in the world can the show, Paris, stay in New York so long. We purchased tickets for the play with great hopes of seeing an uncensored display of chorus girls and their charms. We even sported ourselves to front row seats (in the balcony). What did we discover? Not even one of our anticipated chorus girls appeared during the entire performance. The music was good, but what is music without a bevy of beautiful belles? The show reminded us of one of these poor unpedigreed pups that look more than anything else like a cross between an alley cat and a dozen lemons. You've seen the mongrels wandering from ashcan to ashcan. And that's exactly what Paris turned out to be, a cross between a musical comedy and a play. I prefer not to mix my drinks.

During our sojourn in the big city, we stopped for an hour at the Villa Venice at 10 East 60th Street. We had dinner while Rudy Valle softly syncopated several soothing melodies. And such melodies! The atmosphere of the Villa is decidedly opposite to that of the Harlem dives reviewed in the last issue. The walls are covered with scenes of old Venice which blend romantically with the dim blue lighting effects. Many small tables fill the room, and in the center is a rather small dance floor at the end of which, on a platform, sits the orchestra, dressed in black trousers, silk shirts looking very much like the wild pajama-tops which some of us wear, and a wide sash. Rudy does not believe in brass instruments. There are no trumpets and trombones to growl at one another. Every piece is soft. Every piece is sentimental. Every piece Rudy sings, and he really can sing. He stands at attention, hugs his saxophone to his breast, throws back his head, closes his eyes and sings. Every number fairly reeks with moonlight madness, weary rivers, songs I love, sweethearts on parade, girls of my dreams, and the rest of the standard lovesick applesauce, but Rudy puts it across. He's good. If you don't believe

it just listen to his Victor record, "Deep Night". Incidentally, the four of us left, to the tune of twelve dollars. If you go for anything later than dinner you must dress. We did not dress, and it took us quite a while to assure the head waiter that we would leave as soon as our appetites had been satisfied. Afternoon tea dancing is four dollars a couple.

Would you believe it? We've found a great place, an exquisite place, a place lined with bottles and kegs of every description, a place where champagne sells for a dollar and thirty cents a quart!! Not only that, but the proprietor insists that you sample each of his choice liqueurs before you decide which brand to purchase. We entered the establishment one dark and dismal evening, consumed a great variety of samples, decided on none of them, and walked out; and, believe it or not, the evening had changed to a beautiful, balmy night in August, the birds were singing sweetly, music filled the air, and beautiful women surrounded us on our walk home. When we awoke the next morning our clothes, which we had failed to remove, were soaking wet with rain of the night before. The champagne at that place is really good! And would you really like to know where you might find this Utopia? It is located in Rheims, France. (Sorry) The next time you are in the vicinity of Rheims, consult the directory for the establishment of Piper Heidzig. Your efforts will be well rewarded.

And now Folks, the wild beer-call of Bobby Moser resounds through the stillness of the night; it drowns out the noisy keys of this all too willing typewriter; it overpowers rhythmical one-finger motions of the thirsty typist; it deftly creeps through the somber blackness of the evening, enveloping all in its train. We're leavin'.

WEE BURRO



THE LIFE OF BURRETTE

Chapter I

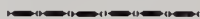
Sometime between the twenty-first century and the birth of Moses a child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Burro. I limit the earliness of

this birth because the messenger was a stork, and not a floating Ivory Soap box. Since burro, in the southwestern United States, means a donkey, and since Mr. and Mrs. Burro lived in Maine, we will assume that the Burros were at this time monkeys. Baby Burro was yet uncalled, except for the names his father had addressed him by from time to time, such as ———, but I cannot repeat them in a magazine for male students. Of course, now if this were a Vassar or Smith publication———. Anyway, the hatched embryo had to be named. His father was a blacksmith by trade, a blacksmith by profession, a blacksmith by choice, and a blacksmith by faith; in fact, he even had shod a horse once in his boyhood days. But because of his dense business in white cotton plantations in and about Augusta, he decided to call the youth, Burette, because of its striking resemblance to a burette.

Mrs. Burro was not satisfied with this name. Her respect for the famous watchmakers of the world, coupled with her unwillingness to have the child given such a titivating name; lead her to call him Cal, after Calvin Coolidge, great American Sphinx. (Before I go further, allow me to explain the debt time-pieces owe to the burette. Up until 0 B. C., the burette was used to measure time just as the hour-glass was used some years later. The burette is noted for its existence in the time of Cleopatra. That was during the time when Mark was a great lover, and not a piece of German confetti. Whenever Cleo and Mark Antony got to a certain degree of temperature centigrade, one of them (usually Antony) turned the stopcock, stopping the flow of sand and the passing of time. After taking a brief time off for air and cooling, one of them (usually Cleopatra) turned the stopcock to allow the sand to again flow, and the partners went into a clinch. So innumerable were these wrestling bouts that in the period of a year, the time-piece of Cleopatra recorded only two months, three days, one hour, fifty-two minutes, and one half second.)

(To be continued)

Are you acquainted with Bethlehem?
 Yeh.
 Vas you efer by Schuster's?
 Vy sure.
 You must have been a student.
 Of course.



I can't get me a girl by love nor money.
 With money you can get anything.
 But I expect her to have the money.



I don't like Dora.
 Why not?
 She's one of them "high explosive" kind—wants
 to be handled carefully or she'll blow up.



Vas you efer in financial straights?
 No, but I passed thru Madagascar onct.



I thought you said you couldn't get a kick out of
 that barrel?
 No, I said I couldn't get the bung out.

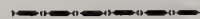
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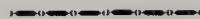
A Midsummer's Night Dream

### Lehigh—A Dutchman's School

Lehigh is a Dutchman's School,  
 They come from far und near,  
 To seek what others sought before,  
 Knowledge on the hillside here.  
 The lunch cars and the dining halls  
 Have sour kraut und beer,  
 And of the latter 't may be said,  
 Much is "far", some "near".  
 Our dear professors also have  
 Beer bellies rund und gross,  
 How oft we hear them in their class  
 "Ach donnerwetter, wass is lose?"  
 Vy can't you differenturate,  
 Vot iss dot ankle in degreece?  
 I nefer had a Freshman klass  
 Half so dumb like these.  
 Now you must get der mathematics,  
 Und know der stuff down colt,  
 Chust keep der eyes und eases open,  
 Der mouth shut—spik ven told.  
 Schtudy hard und late by night  
 Go to der klass by day,  
 Use plenty time to eat und sleep,  
 Ve must make der kollitch pay.  
 Und ven temptation comes by you,  
 Be brave, young man, und say,  
 I didn't come to school fer this,  
 But "all work, no play—"  
 At last it comes time to gradurate  
 Und der Dean McKonk vill say,  
 Me boiy, you've been here six long years  
 I thot you'd come to stay.  
 So gradurate at once, and then  
 With sheepskin gaily depart,  
 As many thousands more have done,  
 (Dots how Packard got his start).  
 Ven lookink fer a chop then you  
 Vill vant to stand ace high.  
 If they ask you who's yer Almer Marter  
 Chust say it is Lehigh.  
 Und stay away from vimmen,  
 They'd die fer a Lehigh man.  
 Giff em all der dirt, but—  
 Stay single so long as you can.



Oh don't hold me that way—I'm warm enuf now.  
 So he turned her down cold.



Now, if the old geezer on the end'll take his gun-  
 boats outa the isle, maybe I can get this'n off without  
 a stumble!

It seems 'at they was two here now a guys anklin'  
 it off down the main drag. Siz one to th' other,  
 "Gotta match, Steve?" 'N the other bird mumbles  
 out, "Use my lighter." Now y' can rap me over the  
 konk for a long count if he didn't come back with,  
 "Yeh, but what'll I pick my teeth with?"

Git offa that there flag pole, Lem; they're gonna  
 hist Old Glory!



Only by a loose coupler, sir.

What you so troubled about?  
Frigidaire just gave me the cold shoulder.

He—"What a wonderful complexion you have!"  
She—"Oh, do you feel that way about it?"

Auctioner (absently)—A spade is bid. Who'll make it a No-Trump?

|                     |      |
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Hell! What's the use!

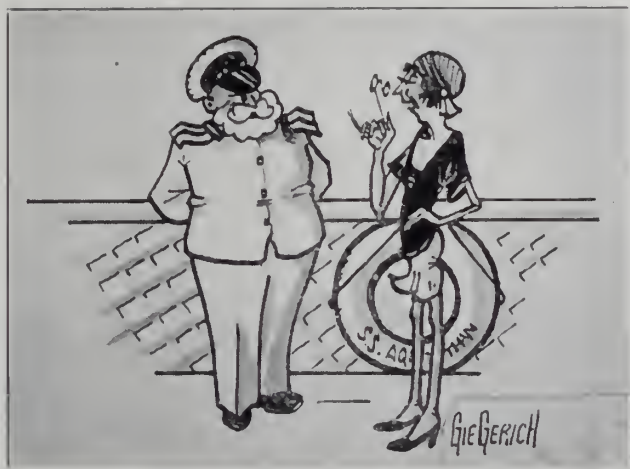
"Yeah, he peaked out of the window to answer a question, and the prof caught him!"

**Mister, put a head on this.**

Until—Oh, so that's it!







Do these big ships sink very often, Captain?  
Only once madam.

### GAMBLING

People think gambling's a dissipation;  
Though I think it's a recreation,  
It gives me a thrill, a new sensation.  
I like to bet on the red or black;  
I like to bet a great big stack,—  
And I like to get my money back.  
I like the look on peoples' faces  
When they wish that they'd gone other places,  
And not stopped to play the races.  
I like the menace in a gambler's stare,  
As though to catch you unaware  
When all you have is a measly pair.  
But there's a time I think it a sin  
It puts goose-flesh upon my skin.  
That is only when I don't win.

Dija see the "Five O'Clock Girl?"  
Naw, I got there at six.

\*\*\*\*\*

Movie Review—"The Broken Leg,"—A big cast.

My college boy friend is in town.  
Do tell.  
He hasn't written to me in two weeks.

Here's one I pulled down over Lancaster way  
down. It seems there were two old timers having it  
out together.

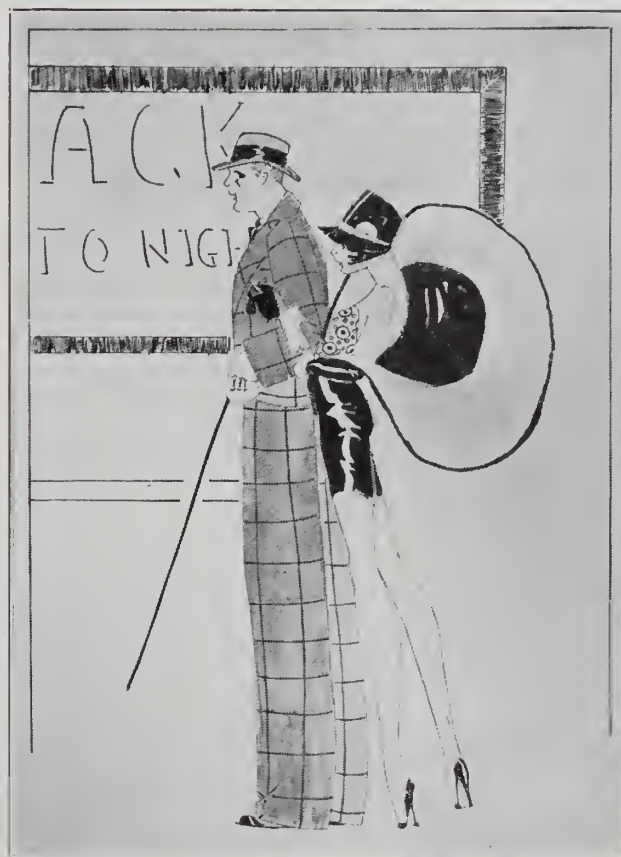
"Wall—how's the farm?"  
"Oh not so bad,—tobac."  
"Too back? What do you mean?"  
"Tobac—didn't you never hear? Tobac not so  
bad. Our church won't allow us to use it, but when  
we sell it—O. K."

Kindly Old Gent—"Did ums faw down and go  
boom."

Innocent Modern Child—"Yeh, why the hell do  
they throw these damn skins on the sidewalk?"

A great political "farm-aid" worker was touring  
Pennsylvania and came upon a poorly kept farm, to  
ask about conditions.

"Well now", answered the farmer, "I drive into  
town every mornin' in my Packard and sell my  
horse-radished and then I come back and listen to  
the radio. But my wife is no use to me. She gets  
up at five-thirty, milks a couple of cows, maybe  
thirty of them, churns the milk, feeds the cattle, and  
saws a couple of cords of wood, and then do you  
know, she won't help to get in the hay along side the  
highway. It's funny how high hat some people can  
be."



When is a woman like a parrot?  
Dunno.  
When she speaks.



### PITIFUL FIGURES

Adolphe, the elevator boy:—"Yeah! What a break I get!! No matter how hard I work, somebody is always calling me down."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### BOLOGNA

"And when I say bologny I mean bologny, and not a half a dozen other things. Why for two cents I'd go over there and give that "&\$@-% a piece of my mind. And not only that—But you'r the one who is going over and straighten out this stink that you got us into. If you get your block knocked off, it's your own fault."

"But—"

"Shut up and get the hell over there."

And hubby walks out of the flat and across the street to the butcher shop, and says to the butcher in a little squeaky voice—"My wife says she wanted bologna instead of this here ham."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### The Proper Times To Make Whoopee.

1. Week ends.
2. End of an exam.
3. Marriage.
4. Commencement.
5. Death.
6. House party.
7. Any old time

### A RADIO PICKUP

"Please ma'am, may I see you ohm tonite? My name is Eddy Kurrent—I've traveled around a bit and made things warm already." Meanwhile, he completed the circuit about her waist, and kissed her on the broadcasting band.

"You've overcome my resistance already, and maybe the fuses are blown," she said.

"You shouldn't show such a reactance in the first stage audio, just wait until we begin to osculate at radio frequency."

But his current soon began to lag badly and get all out of phase, as electrostatic pains set in. Her father had picked some currents from the nearby magnetic fields a few cycles ago, and a high potential was stored in those Leyden jars (this of course, boosted Kurrent). A large IR drop resulted, and Eddy was disconnected by the shock.

"Well, that impedance is out of the hook-up, and I couldn't be bothered with a condenser of such a small capacity. Furthermore, I need a new permanent wave", she said. "I think I'll make it continuous this time."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Bill—Harry almost broke his neck last night.

Sam—How's that?

Bill—He went out on a blind date, and his girl was two feet taller than he was.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

First stewed—Whatch'a doin'?

Second stewed—Walkin' this here chalkline

First again—What for?

Second again—To see if I'm drunk, or is the line just crooked.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Jones—Well Si, I heerd you made yourself a hero yesterday.

Perkins—Yes sir, by cracky, If it warn't fer them thar red flannels, the train would hev been wrecked sure.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Sam—What will your tank hold, Jim?

Jim—Eight beers is the maximum capacity.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I'm one of the few men who prefer brunettes.

Why?

They leave no tell-tale hairs on your coat.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

W. C. T. U.—And my poor man, in what state were you when your misfortune befell you?

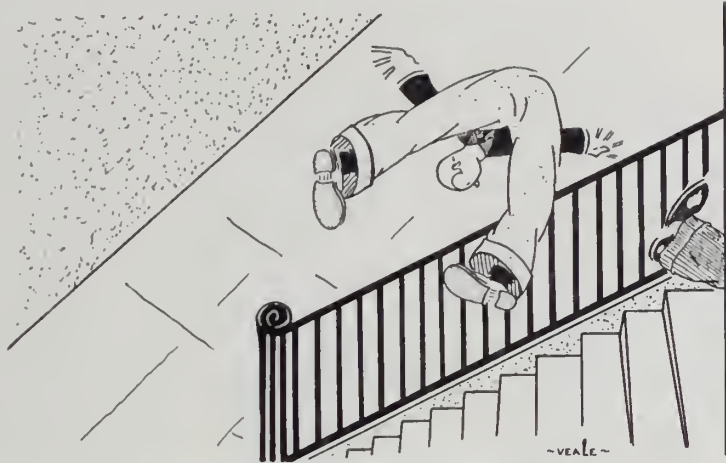
Old Soak—Well, I hain't so shure myself. It wash in either Andhy's or Charlie's.



### Another of Them After Bed Time Stories

What? aint youse children never heard the story of the three bears? Don't be like that Henrietta, nobody said anything about free beers, them days is gone. Well to get our minds off the suds and back on the women; it seems as there was a young wren named Goldie Locks, who had to walk home from a date one night and got lost in the woods. No Oscar, she didn't really have to walk home, but she thought under the circumstances she had better. Yes that's right Josephine, she didn't know the driver very well. Foot sore and weary she come trippin through the everglades and run smack bang into a little house. Removing the cute little thirty-eight from its arm holster, she gently blowed the lock from the door and walks in. What does the young modern see but a table set for three, and at each place was a chair, but each chair was different. There was a big chair an a middle sized chair and a little chair. Grub was already on the table so Goldie samples the caviar sandwiches to the tune of a pound and a half. Yes Cleo, them kind of eggs is worth plenty. Well after filling up the void, the frail decides to bed down and finds three beds ranging in size as did the chairs. Pickin the big one which is customary with most anybody, she crawls in and is kayoed by the sand man. About the crack of dawn our frail wakes up to hear more snortin than is made by a winded sea lion. Some people when they tells this story, tell how she heard the three bears, for that was who lived there, talkin. Well you know as good as me that you can't understand no bear, and all she heard was plenty of growlin and snorting. Well pretty soon, in come the old pappa bear and soon as he seen Goldie, why he quit the old snortin, but as usual Mrs bear had to show up so papa began to act again like he didn't like this visitor. Our plot, when she seen three bears a gapin at her, come out o that bed on the gallop and never even stopped for her kimona.

*Continued on page 24*



Just helping the poor beggar out.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Mum, yer boy chust chucked me in the eye ein schnowball.

Not Villie. In the fust place his marksmanship aint in practice; in the second place, he has now in a sling his vun arm; and in the third place he was in the house all the time in the first place.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"What's the idea looking in that girl's bedroom window?"

"Doesn't she work in the store which has the sign in the window, 'Watch Us Grow.'"

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



The Famous Ein Stein.

### Mrs. Perkin's Letter to Her Husband

Dear Si—

Since you have gone by the steam cars to Emaus you should hear what was going on here on the farm. That old sow what you thought was no good has gave us eight little wootsies. They are gittin along fine and Willie's going to feed them pigs chop purty soon now. Onct last night I thought I heard one of them thar burglars what you read by the city papers, but Clarence got up and came in with a pole cat. Now you know, Si, pole cats is allright outside but inside, ach, they give such a stink. Clarence and Willie and little Si have been plowin all week now and have got most of it done all but the upper field. Mary had a pain in her belly yestiddy and Doc Jones pow-wowed for her. He said that Sam Souders had her bewiched but the spell is broke now. All she had to do was to bury three finger nails under the old outhouse and it only cost five dollars. Mindcha Si, only five dollars and the spell is broke. Mrs. Sourbier had a baby but Mr. is sore because it ain't no boy. Old man Adams died and Al Hardy is the undertaker. Now Si, if it gits cold, don't forgit to put on your flannels, and if your deal don't make, come home before them city slickers git yar.

Your woman

Agnes





This oughts panic them there hicks out in the pop corn belt, Lem! The Russian nobleman Takur Vestoff was fishing one fine summers day. He espied a peasant boy also busily engaged. "Whatcha tryin' fer, kiddo?" declared this daring dandy. "Kippered schmalts," was the reply. "What do they look like, eh?" was the comeback. "I won't know till I catch one." Take your hand outa thet cuspidore, cause they ain't no pretzles in there.

### THE MEAN THING

College Man (home for the week end): "Could I have a little money dad, I have a date tonight."

Dad: "Sure, would you rather have an old five or a new one?"

C. M.: "Doesn't matter dad."

Dad: "Well take the new one, I'm rather hard up, son, ha, ha."

My girl's like a No-Trump bid.  
Yeah, how?  
You gotta take her out!



Sympathetic one—"Is your wife dead?"  
Free again—"Yes, thank you."



Lowhat—"Was it a good show?"

Highhat—"Was it! Why during the first act four men jumped out of the balcony!"

### PENNA. DUTCH MENU

Breakfast; X

Dinner; Souver Kraut mit Bockwurst.

Supper; Yet more Souver Kraut.

All other times; Beer (not very near).

My son wot went to collich got first prize by a Railroad crossing.

Mit a Railroad crossink?

Vy sure—they only calls it a track meet.

Things the English Dept. guards against—

Shovelling off sidewalks

Outening the lights

Sweeping off shoes

Laughing over anything in class

Saying Donnerwetter or Donner-und blitzen

Referring to Allenstadt or Beslam

As bull sessions go, I was arguing with my roommate about the fundamental qualities of passionate love or what not to do, and I seized upon this quaint and distinctive idiom.

"My girl really is hot."

"How do you mean?"

"Well the third time I was with her, I had on my raccoon coat while I was necking her and—"

"Yes, and I haven't seen the coat since."

"Well doesn't that prove things."

## JUST BEFORE EXAMS MOTHER

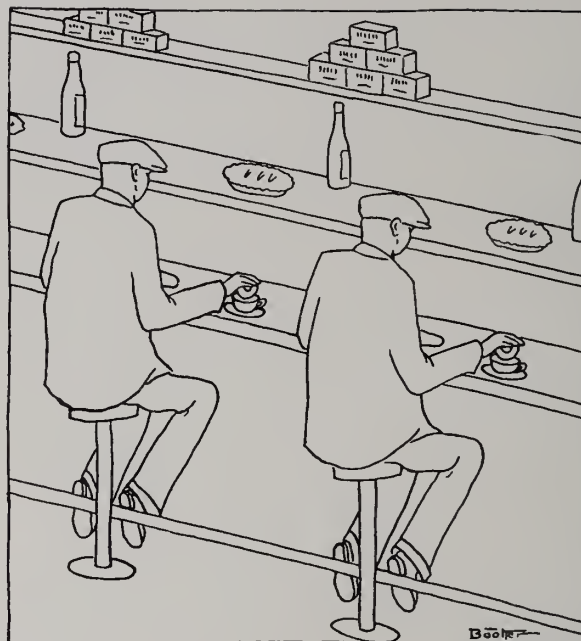
Life ain't all a bed of roses  
 Here are thorns and there are poses  
 A week from now I may be gone  
 But another freshman will be born.  
 Here today and gone tomorrow  
 My head is hanging low in sorrow  
 My heart is sad, my face forlorn  
 Tomorrows have a foggy dawn.  
 My head I must keep held up high  
 It is with me to do or die  
 And if I fall by the hard wayside  
 I hope my friends will say "He tried."



Frosh: You don't want to get caught in the min-  
 ing building this afternoon.

Frosher: Why?

Frosh: (Blushing) They're gonna have an ore  
 dressing class.



"Dunkers"



## MEMORIES

Memories only now are left,  
 For those who have passed by;  
 With multitudes of others gone  
 Who thought they could get by.  
 All the classes took their toll  
 Of many good men and true;  
 Professors are rejoicing yet  
 Of all they ever slew.  
 Comrades by the wayside fell;  
 Were trampled on with jest;  
 Many a prof has smiled in glee—  
 "You flunked the spelling test."  
 But wait the story's not yet o'er  
 Hear what the sages tell;  
 "The students live on milk and honey,  
 But the pros all go to hell."

I'll sing a song of colleges;  
 I'll tell you where to go,  
 Dartmouth, where the liquor is,  
 Cornell, the dice to throw.  
 Harvard, for its drunken bums,  
 Yale, for gin and sin;  
 Northwestern, for its risqué proms,  
 For good fellows, come to Lehigh.

There was a young girl from the sticks,  
 Who was often known to do tricks;  
 Her language was broke  
 She Pennsylvania Dutch spoke:  
 "These fresh city-slickers I fix."



Black—"Where y' from?"

Blue—"Walla Walla."

Black—"I heard you the first time!"



## AN INVITE

Every day a nine o'clock  
 And every day a ten  
 On Friday there's a two o'clock  
 And elevens now and then.  
 Believe me Dean, I'm tiring,  
 I was tired a month ago  
 I want to stop this folly  
 Of running to and fro.  
 Let's you and I go fishing Dean  
 I know that you'r tired too  
 We'll sit and watch the stream rush by  
 And bid our work adieu.

Randolph: You say you had to pay twenty-five dollars for an anesthetic?

Macon: Yes and then I fell asleep and couldn't enjoy it.

Sport and Laughter, Jollity,  
 And perhaps Frivolity  
 Other Gods as Wrath and Strife  
 Do not enter in my life  
 No! Away with Sensility  
 Baby give me Liberty.

All is love and love is all  
 False pride goeth before a fall  
 If you think that your'n the stuff  
 Some big gorilla will call your bluff.

Visitor (smelling breakfast egg): "Now I know why they call that hen 'Denmark'."

She: "Were you drunk last night?"  
 He: "Sure. We drank quart after quart until we had drank a quart and a pint."

Father: "My son, where are you going with that extinguisher?"

Son (going out door with fire extinguisher): "Got a date, Pop, and can't take any chances."

Jim. "You took an awful beating last night, Johnny."

Bob: "That was just a necking party."

Patrick Henry (to magazine saleslady): "Give me Liberty or Judge."



"Where y' bound?"

"Fishhook."

"And where's that?"

"Near the end of the line!"

Painter: "The hairs are coming out of my brushes, do you have anything to remedy it?"

Clerk: "We carry a complete line of hair restorers. How about some Wildroot?"

Little Boy: "Mother, can autos have children?"

Mother: "No, dear."

L. B.: "Then what's a Fordson?"

## A BLACK TRICK

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard  
 To get her old man a drink  
 But when she looked in, saw the bottle of gin  
 By her son had been watered with ink.

Senior: "Bad day for the race, isn't it?"

Frosh: "What race?"

Senior: "The white race."





## MODERN HISTORY

Von Hagen, a Knight of Columbus by religion and a Klu Klux Klan by choice, set out from Germany one cold day in July, 1492 to seek his fortune. He could resist neither the call of the Klondike gold rush nor the challenge of Greeley's "Go West, my boy, go West."

The expedition consisted of two motor boats, "Leaky Bottom" and "Putt Putt", and one submarine, "All Wet".

Month after month they drifted on the salty deep, until the thirty-third day they sighted the skyline of New York. Great rejoicing was displayed on board the vessels, and the crew drank freely of the beer.

Mistaken for rum-runners, the fleet was not allowed to land in New York. But the great Von Hagen was not to be outwitted; so he set about to embark on the island of America at another point. Drifting down the coast until they saw a virgin forest, the crew at last threw overboard the anchors and went ashore. They had discovered a great province which they called Pennsylvania after Qvgkxjzdhwft, the Dutch Arabic word for beer. They christened the land with a keg of the liquid, and to this day that symbol of the Pa. Dutch still oozes out of the soil.

Joe Mart was one of these husbands who was always slipping something over on the wife. One evening she persuaded him to take her to a night club. When he checked his coat, the girl spoke to him. He explained to his wife that the girl had once worked in his office.

The waiter said, "Your usual table, Mr. Mart?"

He told his wife that once he had taken one of the company's salesmen to the club, and not wanting the man to know that he had never been to the club before, he told the waiter to give them his usual table. The waiter thought this such a good joke that he pulled it tonight.

Later a chorus girl sat on Joe's lap and said, "Hello, Joe. Who is the bim you got tonight?"



## The original blind-fold test.

This was too much for the wife, and she walked out; followed by Joe. They got into a taxi.

He tried to explain, but all Mrs. Mart would say was, "No! No! No! No!"

Soon the driver turned around and said, "See you got the wrong one again, Joe."

To miss a kiss  
Is more amiss  
Than it would be  
To kiss a miss;  
Provided that  
The kiss you miss  
The miss herself  
Would never miss.  
But if you try  
To kiss a miss  
With whom a kiss  
Would be amiss  
You'd better always  
Miss the kiss  
And  
Kiss the Mrs.

## News Flashes from Everywhere

Santoso, Brizilos—

Senora Cigara, wife of the well known South American coffee magnet, received a divorce today. The judge and jury believed she had grounds.

Hoboken, U.S.A.—

The body of an unidentified man was recovered from the river today, horribly mangled beyond the point of recognition. Six bullet wounds were found. Police discontinued investigation being confident of suicide.

Casaba, Cordova—

Senorita Y'Cuspidora today walked into the home of her blackmailer, Manual Laboro, fired at him four times, and missed. Senorita Y'Cuspidora is today one of the country's most pitiful figures.

Hotbox, Nevada—

"Killer" Bull, confessed slayer of six beautiful young women, was released from custody here today. Insufficient evidence was the verdict.





What a girl! What a night!!

*Continued from page 17*

She run three times around the house before she could get her bearings and then chuckling softly to herself she come bustin in the door with her six gun blazin. She had been married three times an so could handle Mr. Colt's product to perfection. 'Twern't no time before the three bears was layin stiff and stark and sweet little Goldie Locks had her frog sticker out and the skins hangin up to dry. Three weeks elapse and the blond haired beauty is wearing one of the smoothest bear skin coats this side of the Mississippi. Which all goes to show little Hortense that you can still be good and wear furs.

Jo Mope Says—

Remember children, rubarb is not blood-shot celery!

"Bear to the left," said the man, "as he entered the zoological garden."

Sister: Ma, How come I always feel sick when I lean out the window?

Ansister: Why wouldn't you feel sick with a pane in your stomach.

First Stud: "I have decided to take up butter making for a career."

Second Stud: "Why that?"

F. S.: "All I'll have to do is fly my airplane through the Milky Way once a day."

Some girls are good  
Others are better  
But the best  
Are those that are not good.

Cedar: "He makes that violin talk."

Crest: "It must be a foreign language."

Dutch: "What course are you taking?"

Dutcher: "Civil engineering."

Duchess: "Aw! You're a minor."



How do you know that your girl loves you?  
Well, I believe in signs.

La: Boy, thinkist thou that you shouldst let a lady stand on the corner like that; where ist thou southern chivalry?

Zy: Forsooth Randolph I couldn't get the old can started.



# He coughed—the Villain!

and the love scene had to be taken all over!



MADGE BELLAMY, Beautiful Fox star.

## Madge Bellamy explains the growing popularity of Old Golds in Hollywood

"The 'hero' in a movie may easily become the 'villain' if he coughs at the wrong time. A cough isn't ever nice, but when it interrupts the taking of a movie scene, it's a calamity! The high tension of movie work makes smoking a vital relaxation. But we relax with OLD GOLDS. They're as smooth as the polished manner of Adolphe Menjou, who himself is an OLD GOLD fan. While

they're the most enjoyable of cigarettes, OLD GOLDS mean absolute 'fade-out' for throat-scratch and smoker's cough."

(SIGNED)

*Madge Bellamy*



## Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows . . . Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . . Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.



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**eat a chocolate . . . light an Old Gold . . . and enjoy both!**

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

### SELFISH

If I'm shedding any tears at all,  
Don't flatter yourself they're for  
you,  
I'd never let my eyes get red  
Because of what you do.  
Cry for you? Why, no, indeed;  
Myself my tears are for.  
It's painful to me to realize  
My judgment is not worth more.  
*Wisconsin Octopus.*



"He's the head of a long line of  
blotting paper manufacturers."  
"Oh, the old soak!"  
—Stevens Stone Mill.



"Whoopee! I own hell."  
"Howzat?"  
"My girl just gave it to me."  
—Ala. Rammer-Jammer.



**First devil,** "I have an idea. There ought to be a big demand for Life Savers down here."

**Second devil,** "You mean—as a relief from thirst?"

**First devil,** "Exactly. It ought to wow them in the Styx!"



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Student Salesman: How old are you?—*Ollapod*.

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**ALLENTOWN, PENNA.**

"Did you know that Bob nearly drowned last week?"

"How 'was that?"

"He flunked out of the Floating University."—*Wisconsin Octopus*.



Old Lady: Is that bottle the only consolation you have in this world?

Disconsolate and Inebriated Student: No, ma'm, I have another in my pocket.—*Wisconsin Octopus*.



Stude: I have called to see about getting a job.

Boss: But I do all the work myself.

Stude: Perfect, when can I start?—*Temple Owl*.



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—□—

Single Copies—Thirty Cents

Agriculture Prof: Yes, that's a  
pear tree. Now what would you  
call that?

Bored Student: Apple source,  
Professor, apple source.—*Rutgers  
Chanticleer.*

—o—o—o—

#### IN PIRATE DAYS

Englishman (about to walk the  
plank): Really—I've just eaten;  
I cawn't go in the watah now.

—*Washington Dirge.*

—o—o—o—

"What about our foreign rela-  
tions?" roared the candidate for  
senator.

"My poor relations trouble me  
enough as it is," replied the meek  
little man in the back row.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

BROAD & NEW - BETHLEHEM

*Farr's*

### Custom - Built SHOES

styled expressly for the  
college man by these  
noted makers ———

*Johnston & Murphy  
J. P. Smith  
Forbush*



8th & HAMILTON - ALLENTOWN

A very seasick passenger, a gentleman of color, was teased by his friend who called him a land-lubber. "Dat's true," said the victim weakly. "Dey ain't no ahgyment dere. Ah's a land lubber all right, an Ah's jes finding out how much Ah lubs it."

—*State Lion.*

"Hey, there, feller! What you all runnin' for?"

"I's gwine to stop a fight."

"Who's all fightin'?"

"Jes' me and another feller."

—*Wet Hen.*

"I take aspirin to clear my head."

"Oh, I see—a sort of vacuum cleaner.—*Drexler.*

"Jones was arrested for singing on Sunday."

"What was he singing?"

"Oh, you know that song, *My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty*—"

—*Shaft.*

Female Frosh can be dumb too. There is one who thought the Battle of Sedan was a petting party. *Bison.*

The absent-minded professor has nothing on the business man who kissed his wife and then started to dictate a letter.—*Boston Beanpot.*

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Tourist: How do you like this  
cold weather?Farmer: Well, it sure goes  
against my grain.—*Pennsylvania*  
*Punch Bowl.*Grandmother: The cow says  
"Moo," the sheep says "Baa."Modern Child: What kind of a  
noise does an armadillo make?—  
*Yale Record.*My girl on the sofa's efficient,  
At petting she's very proficient,  
But my head's in a whirl  
For I've lost my girl,  
A word to the guys was sufficient.  
—*Ollapod.*

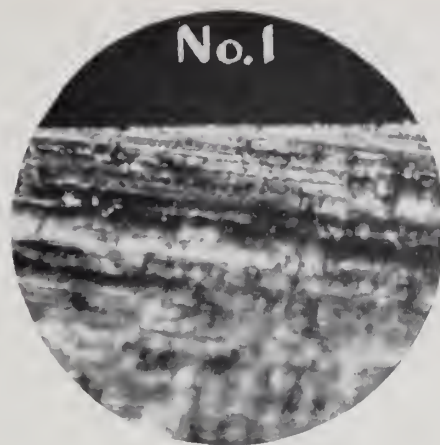








**Schick  
Steel**



**No. 1**

# No Stropping and

## Oh! What a Shave !!

### It's the Schick Steel in those blades

*The Schick Steel edge that gives you "a smooth shave quick"—a Schick Steel blade photographed through the microscope. (Note the edge.)*

*This is a perfect photo-micrograph of a blade that will not shave satisfactorily. (Note the edge.)*

Look at a Schick blade through a microscope and you will know why a Schick shave is the smoothest, sweetest that a man ever had. Go into the metallurgy of Schick Steel and you will learn the secret of how we can make an edge from which men get from four to ten perfect shaves without stropping the blade every time it is used.

Tough-bearded thousands sing the praises of this marvelous razor and tell of the amazing endurance of its superkeen edge.

You should own a Schick. There are six reasons—  
1. Schick blades are superkeen, infinitely sharper—  
2. They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip—3. Not one blade edge is ever touched until it touches face—  
4. The razor itself is perfectly balanced—5. Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger—6. Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time.

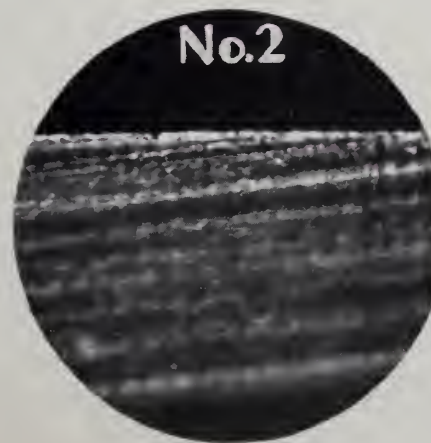
Good stores everywhere have Schicks to offer you—\$5 to \$50. They come in gold, silver, solid or plated, according to the price you wish to pay. Ask your dealer to let you look at them. A clip of 20 blades goes with each.

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY

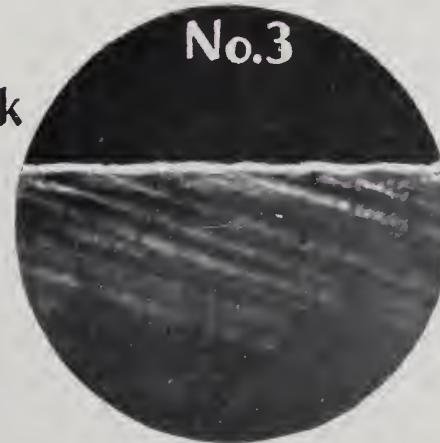
285 Madison Avenue  
New York

*This razor blade, photographed through microscope, cannot fail to make your face sore after shaving. (Note the edge.)*

*A fair sample of what happens to a blade honed the ordinary way—magnified 500 diameters. (Note the edge.)*



**No. 2**



**No. 3**

A smooth shave, quick  
with a

# Schick

## Repeating Razor



TRUMP  
*an* ARROW  
SHIRT *of*  
BROADCLOTH  
*with* ARROW  
COLLAR *on*  
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COLLARS  
SHIRTS  
UNDERWEAR  
HANDKERCHIEFS









